

THIEVING SQUIRREL DRIVEN OFF

Robins Successfully Defend Nest Against Marauder.

A pair of robins proved too much for a marauding squirrel in Independence square yesterday. While on a midair cruise he suddenly stopped as though something special had attracted his attention, and then he came down the tree in a slow, unconcerned manner. The secret was out when he shyly began the ascent of another oak, in the branches of which a pair of the redbreasts had built their nest.

His little eyes glistening and his whole manner that of a thief, he moved up the tree trunk, and had almost reached the little blue eggs in the nest when the mother bird and her mate saw him and flew down from their upper perch. They were on Mr. Squirrel in an instant, and the fur flew when their beaks got into action. The retreat of the squirrel was quickly effected. The watchers were amused. Then a second time the robber advanced, and was so successful as to get one of the eggs in his paws before the birds came to the rescue.

The squirrel was nonplussed, as he couldn't back down with the egg with the birds pecking him, and he was loath to relinquish his hard-won prize. His hesitation was fatal, though, as the birds, with a concerted rush, fairly shoved him out of the nest, and the robins followed him so quickly and furiously that the egg was dropped and smashed on the ground. The squirrel then gave up his pilfering expedition—Philadelphia Record.

HERITAGE OF CIVIL WAR.

Thousands of Soldiers Contracted Chronic Kidney Trouble While in the Service.

The experience of Capt. John L. Ely, of Co. E, 17th Ohio, now living at 509 East Second street, Newton, Kansas, will interest the thousands of veterans who came back from the Civil War suffering from chronic kidney trouble. Capt. Ely says: "I contracted kidney trouble during the Civil War, and the occasional attacks finally developed into a chronic case. At one time I had to use a crutch and came to get about. My back was lame and weak, and besides the aching, there was a distressing retention of the kidney secretions. I was in a bad way when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills in 1901, but this remedy cured me, and I have been well ever since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

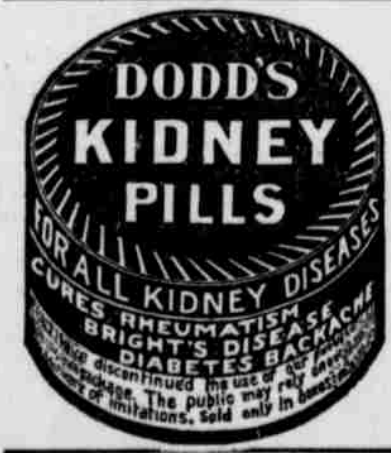
Rich Women Have Troubles.

The idea that fashionable women are too busy and had too many interests to feel acute sorrow over their broken crockery was disproved the other day when Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish went into the principal dry goods store in Newport with a friend who was stopped to watch a man who was selling cement for cut glass and called to Mrs. Fish: "Oh, here is a cement for cut glass which not only mends it but makes it ring as clearly as if it were new." Mrs. Fish called back: "My servants break so much of my glass now that it is heart-breaking and if they knew it were possible to mend it they would break it all, so I don't care for any, thank you."

Preach from Automobiles.

A novel method of preaching the gospel was recently tried in France with striking success. Pastor Delattre from Roame (Reformed church), in company with Pastor Salomon, of the Baptist church, in Paris, visited with an automobile the departments of Loire, Rhone, Allier, Saone et Loire, within a radius of about 90 miles. Pastor Delattre writes: "During nearly two months, from our automobile, we have been able to preach the gospel on market places, from fair to fair, distributing thousands of tracts and selling no less than 2,000 copies of the New Testament."

Honduras has large tracts of pine lands, which will ere long lead to the building of railroads.



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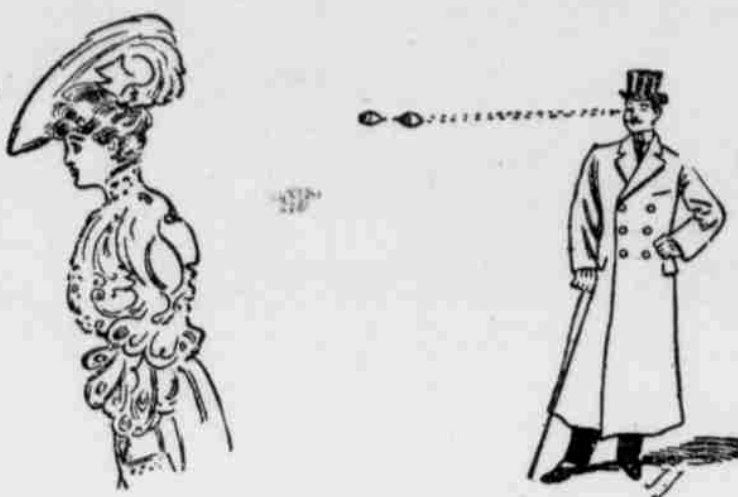
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WINTER Wheat, 60 bushels per acre. Catalogue and sample price. Send ten cents to the Registrar for Catalogue.

AN ILLUSTRATION WHICH ILLUSTRATES.



"His eyes followed her as she slowly walked away."

Darkest Just Before Dawn

By Matt Keating

Her father was dead—had been killed in the railroad yards while coupling cars at \$60 per month. Her mother also was dead—having spent the small life insurance money in a heart-breaking dressmaking venture for which she was eminently unfitted, and then succumbed to pneumonia.

So Nina was left alone to work out the problem of life—and in its working out she had finally landed in a department store as "saleslady." True, the salary was not much—only four dollars per week—but to her it was untold riches, especially when she reflected upon the status of the other girls—Jessie, Maud and Ethel and countless others who were getting only three dollars for work much more abhorrent. For be it known Nina was in the stationery department on the first floor, which was comparatively well ventilated, and she served people who had some sort of an idea as to what they wanted, while Jennie and Maud were in the bargain notion department in the stuffy, ill-smelling basement, where women shoppers, knowing not what they wanted, elbowed and fought for a vantage ground from which to paw over the stock; and Ethel was under the sidewalk in a sort of tunnel which the store had stolen from under the street, where she mechanically handed out tacks and nails to people who had pursued them to this grewsome lair.

In the meantime Nina was living with a half-sister whose husband received \$50 per month for nailing covers on boxes in the shipping department of a great wholesale house. On this income he supported his wife and four palled children, who never had seen green things grow nor smelled fresh country air.

They charged Nina two dollars a week for her board and cut under the stairway—and thought it was great luck to get it. Then she paid 60 cents a week car fare, ten cents a week for her dues to the Salesladies' Union and ten cents per week to the Medical Aid and Burial association as a sort of insurance against sickness or death. She was driven to this latter extravagance by the gloomy forebodings of her half-sister and her husband regarding her possible, indeed probable, impending sickness and death, the query being: "Where's the money coming from to take care of you and bury you?"

The astute mathematician can easily figure that Nina had \$1.10 per week with which to clothe herself and buy ice cream sodas and chewing gum. It was not a hilarious life.

In the meantime she was growing thinner and paler and more tired every week. It would have been plain to any intelligent person, were such interested in her, that she would not last long in such environments. About this time there was another addition to her sister's family, and her brother-in-law, being pressed to extremities, informed Nina that he would have to raise the price of her board to three dollars per week. This was a staggering blow to the girl, already carrying far more than her fair share of burdens.

All day long in the hot, stifling store she brooded over it, wondering vaguely how in the world she was to get along at all if she handed three precious dollars to her brother-in-law each week. And then there was that muslin dress she had been coveting so fiercely for so many months—and nearly attained, too. Of course that must be given up, and all the other nice things of life. She must hereafter toil on enduringly with only the hope of paying her brother-in-law for her board and lodging and money enough over to pay car fare.

Communing thus, heart-broken and sick with fear, she staggered forth from the store to catch her car home—home, oh! what a travesty on the word—a dismal, squalid cottage, filled with the wails of neglected children, the complainings of an overworked wife, and the sordid demands of an incompetent master. Her cup indeed was full.

The gong of a street car clanged fiercely just before her, and awakened her from her reverie. She stepped quickly back and found herself directly in the path of an approaching spirited team of blacks, the control of whom the driver seemed to have lost. To go forward was to meet certain death under the iron wheels of the street car; to remain was to fall beneath the hoofs of the horses. On top of all her strenuous mental strain Nina collapsed and sank to the ground in a swoon.

A cry of horror went up from the passengers on the electric car and

from the pedestrians on the sidewalk, all of whom expected to see the girl mangled to death beneath the iron-shod team.

Even as the gasp of emotion and sympathy went up, however, a tall, athletic figure, clad in the unmistakable habiliments of the west, swung from the car, and with the precision of the trained horseman, grasped the rearing horses by the bridle reins, and with the strength and knowledge of the plains threw them sideways with a force which made them swerve in nearly a half circle. The carriage barely touched the unconscious form of the girl as it swung around.

A second later the big man under the slouch hat had the girl in his arms like she was a baby, and was striding toward the corner drug store at a pace which would have made an ordinary man run to keep up with him.

It developed that the fainting fit was not serious at all, and was due wholly to fright and to the nervous strain the girl had been under. There was no physical injury at all, and she soon recovered.

The tall stranger, however, insisted on taking her home in a cab—she had never been in a cab before—and when he paid the cabman he pulled from his inside pocket a roll of bills which made Nina gasp. In all her life she had never seen so much money.

Nina thanked him with an expression in her eyes that made his heart beat faster than it ever had thumped in all his life, and emboldened him to ask her if he might call on the following evening and ascertain if there were any bad effects of the accident.

"My name is Thad Bunker," said he, bluntly. "I live in Oklahoma, and came here with a few carloads of cattle. I sold 'em at a thunderin' good price, and thought I would stay 'over a day or two and see the sights." "I all-fired glad I did, 'cause there didn't seem to be nobody about who knew a blamed thing about a horse—and you'd been all in in about a minute."

So he called the next night, causing almost as much surprise to Nina's sister and her husband and the various children as the cab had caused the night before. There was a weezy and puffy old melon in the stuffy little parlor, and Nina played for Mr. Bunker. Her playing was very indifferent, but Thad thought it was the grandest music he had ever heard, and a great desire came over him to buy a brand-new melon and ship it to his lonesome home in Oklahoma, and then carry Nina along with him to play it for him forever. What he did, however, was to induce her to lay off from her work on the following day and show him the mysteries of the park.

It was a red-letter day in Nina's life in more ways than one. In the first place she had never laid off from work on a week day since she could remember. Nor had she ever been escorted about by a man; nor had she ever been treated to such a fine dinner in so fine a restaurant—in fact, never had money been spent for her personal pleasure.

But the great thing was when he asked her to marry him and go to Oklahoma with him—assuring her that he had two sections of the best land in the territory all under cultivation and paid for, plenty of cattle and money in the bank.

And she placed her hands in his and turned to him a face so wonderfully transformed by the thrill of a new emotion, by happiness, by relief from the dreadful burden of sordidness—so transformed, in fact, that he scarcely recognized it as belonging to the wan girl he had picked from under the horses' feet.

Westerners' ways are peculiar, and Thad Bunker insisted that they should be married the next day and leave at once for home, as he wanted to know, "by ginger, what them blamed boys are doin' to the cattle." And being a big, dominant westerner, he had his way. Before they sought the preacher the next day they went to a music store and Thad bought the most expensive melon in the place and had it shipped by express, "so it will be there by the time we git there, by ginger," said he.

And under country skies, with ample country fare and surrounded by love and respect, the roses came to Nina's face and the music sang all the time in her heart—and she worked so hard on the melon that after a time she could really play nearly as well as her husband thought she could. (Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

PICTURED ON CENT.

FAMILIAR FACE IS THAT OF YOUNG AMERICAN GIRL.

Daughter of Chief Engraver of the United States Mint at Philadelphia in the Year 1835—How It Happened.

Mrs. Sarah Longacre Keen, who recently died in Philadelphia, comes nearer being the queen of the American mint than any woman who ever lived. With the exception of Queen Victoria, whose image was engraved on every coin of the British and Indian empires, Mrs. Keen comes next highest in the number of her metal photographs, says the Detroit News-Tribune. Her face as a girl of 12 summers is to be seen on every American cent issued since 1836 from Uncle Sam's coin factory.

It is usually assumed that the face on the head side of the copper is that of an Indian. But a close look will reveal a Saxon profile. Just borrow a cent and look at it. The setting is that of an Indian.

Between 1828 and 1840 James Barton Longacre was chief engraver in the United States mint in Philadelphia. In 1835 a competition was opened for sketches and engravings for the new copper cent that was to be issued, and which has since been in service. There were over a thousand designs offered. The prize was a good one. Longacre racked his brain for some original and singular design that would strike to the judges, but for months he failed to satisfy himself.

One morning a number of Indians with their chief, who had been to pay their respects to the great white chief in Washington, came to the city and were shown through the mint. They were introduced to the white chief's picture maker, who was just then showing his young daughter Sarah the great concern. The old chief was attracted by the sweet-faced maiden and her interest in his feathers and paint. She childishly wondered how she would look in that wild headgear. This was told the chief, who solemnly divested himself of his feathers and had them placed on the girl's head. The effect was so striking that the father took time to make a sketch of the picture, finishing it afterward for his own amusement.

At the last moment of the period given for sending in engravings he thought himself of the possibility of the combination of Indian features and Saxon sweetness. He got it in; and much sport was made of the child at the time in the city because of the incident. The sketch passed through the seventh sifting and finally reached the last round. By one vote it won; and ever since Sarah Longacre's young face has served for the humblest of coins, than which no single coin in the world has such tremendous circulation.

See Stings and Rheumatism.

Bee sting is said to be good for rheumatism, but that is not the bee's intention in administering it. The bee has other problems than those connected with the curative art. His intention is to lift his man out of position and he does it—unless the latter is intoxicated. If the man has rheumatism, no matter. The bee moves him at once by eliminating acid from the blood and arousing the sanest leg from the lethargy of ages. It is well before annoying the bee to get your rheumatism established, because one sting will lap over a good deal of rheumatism, and if you have an insufficient supply of the latter to neutralize it the bee in his earnestness is prone to overdo his part.

Warning to Preachers.

"Sermon stealers," said a minister, ought to be careful. They ought to read over several times the sermons that they steal before delivering them.

"I know a young man of 21 or 22 who preached a stolen sermon he had not read over, and in the most impressive part he found himself declaiming:

"My friends, when I first came among you 40 years ago, these thin, white locks were thick and brown, and this bent back, etc."

"Another sermon stealer, preaching in a village of about a hundred souls, said, before he could check himself:

"In the teeming streets of this great metropolis."—London Tit-Bits.

Origin of "Plagiarist."

Though everybody knows the meaning of the words plagiarist and plagiarism, few are acquainted with their derivation. Among the more depraved classes of ancient Rome there existed a nefarious custom of stealing children and selling them as slaves. According to law, the child-stealers, when detected, were liable to the penalty of being severely flogged; and as the Latin word "plega" signifies a stripe or lash, the ancient kidnappers were, in Cicero's time, termed "plagiarist"—that is, deserving of, or liable to stripes. Thus both the crime and the criminals received their names from the punishment inflicted.

Morgan Had Boiled Codfish.

J. Pierpont Morgan was being discussed the other day. A man asked if the party had ever been in the financier's house and none had. "Well, I had to go to see him once," said the interrupter, "and do you know the thing that impressed me most was the thought that if I had as much money as Morgan I wouldn't let it be known to everyone who entered my hallway at that moment that I was going to have boiled codfish for dinner. The place simply reeked with the odor of that dish."

SORES ON HANDS.

Suffered for a Long Time Without Relief—Doctor Was Afraid to Touch Them—Cured by Cuticura.

"For a long time I suffered with sores on the hands which were itching, painful and disagreeable. I had three doctors, and derived no benefit from any of them. One doctor said he was afraid to touch my hands, so you must know how bad they were; another said I never could be cured; and the third said the sores were caused by the dipping of my hands in the water in the dye-house where I work. I saw in the papers about the wonderful cures of the Cuticura Remedies and procured some of the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. In three days after the application of the Cuticura Ointment my hands began to peel and were better. The sores disappeared, and they are now smooth and clean, and I am still working in the dye-house. Mrs. A. E. Maurer, 2340 State St., Chicago, Ill., July 1, 1905."

Drawing the Line.

We have followed the plow, wielded the hoe, served time on the public roads under an austere overseer, swept the backyard, worked the garden, churned the butter, washed the dishes, nursed the baby and performed other various and sundry disagreeable tasks in our times without a murmur, but when it comes to cleaning streets under three lady bosses—excuse us, please. Three women to boss you. Great Caesar's ghost! Just the thoughts of such a catastrophe is enough to give a man the "back-ague."—Minden (La.) Signal.

The University of Notre Dame, it appears, has some features that can not be duplicated in any other school. It is one of the old, well-established colleges, with settled traditions reaching back sixty-four years, with a distinguished staff of professors and excellent library and laboratory equipment. Its discipline is of the paternal kind—strong without being oppressive; and as it embraces in its scope the grammar school, high school and college work, its appeal is as broad as it is potent. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the famous "Indiana University," however, is the fact that it has arrived at its present marvelous development absolutely without endowment. An announcement of the courses provided at Notre Dame appears on another page.

Sinal, the "Turquoise Land."

Sinal was known as the "turquoise land" in very ancient times, and Dr. Flinders Petrie believes that it was the first mining center in the world. In his recent book on the subject, Dr. Petrie tells of the various expeditions sent to Sinal by the Egyptian government. At the head of the party was the "commander," or "bearer of the seal of the god," the Pharaoh. The official staff consisted of "masters of the house of metals," or assayers, scribes and secretaries, to make inventories of the output of the mines.

All creameries use butter color. Why not do as they do—use JUNE TINT BUTTER COLOR.

As a rule, a divorced woman acts as though she had been born that way.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Finds Time for Christian Duties. Sir Andrew Fraser, governor of Bengal, virtual ruler of 80,000,000 people, is the active president of the Calcutta Y. M. C. A.

To Wash Velvet.

Velvet may be washed by shaking it about in warm Ivory Soap suds; then rinse thoroughly and let it drip dry. On no account squeeze or wring it. Be careful to hang it straight on the line, for otherwise it will be crooked when dry. ELEANOR R. PARKER.

King Doing Equestrian Stunts.

King Edward has taken to equestrian exercise as a means of keeping his weight down. Since the rabbit hole mishap, which lamed him, his majesty has been unable to take walking exercise.

Superb Service, Splendid Scenery.

en route to Niagara Falls, Muskoka and Kawartha Lakes, Georgian Bay and Temagami Region, St. Lawrence River and Rapids, Thousand Islands, Algonquin National Park, White Mountains and Atlantic Sea Coast resorts, via Grand Trunk Railway System. Double track Chicago to Montreal and Niagara Falls, N. Y.

For copies of tourist publications and descriptive pamphlets apply to Geo. W. Vaux, A. G. P. & T. A., 135 Adams St., Chicago.

Nicotine in Tobacco.

A scientist writes: "The essential quality for which tobacco is smoked or chewed lies not really in the leaves themselves, but is contained in thousands of hollow-knobbed hairs which cover their surface. The vital nicotine is garnered in these perlike balls, but as it is impossible to shave off these hairs, and would be a scarcely commendable achievement if it could be undertaken, it becomes necessary to preserve the whole foliage for commercial purposes."

Veterans Rapidly Passing Away.

Veterans of the civil war are dying now at the rate of 100 a day, according to records of the United States pension office. The monthly reports for several months past have shown the death rate among the old soldiers to be in the neighborhood of 3,000 a month. Pension office officials who have watched the figures closely and know the tendency of the death rate are of the opinion that the number of civil war pensioners has reached the maximum and that hereafter each succeeding month will show a decrease.

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We are the publishers of the oldest health journal in the world, **GOOD HEALTH**. It is a large, monthly magazine for the home, ably edited and handsomely printed and illustrated. It tells how to live to the perfectly well—how sick people may get well—how well people may stay well. The regular price is ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. We want you to read a few copies. So we make this special offer: Send us 10 cents (stamps if you prefer) with this advertisement, and in addition to

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we will send you **FREE** a copy of Mrs. E. E. Kellum's new 300-page cook book, "Healthful Cookery." This offer will not appear again. Good Health Publishing Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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all inflamed, ulcerated and catarrhal conditions of the mucous membrane such as nasal catarrh, uterine catarrh caused by feminine pills, sore throat, sore mouth or inflamed eyes by simply dosing the stomach. But you surely can cure these stubborn affections by local treatment with

Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic

which destroys the disease germs, checks discharges, stops pain, and heals the inflammation and soreness. Paxtine represents the most successful local treatment for feminine ills ever produced. Thousands of women testify to this fact. 50 cents at druggists.

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to write words for a SONG. We will write music and present it by New York Publishers. METROPOLITAN MUSIC CO., 300 St. James Building, N. Y.

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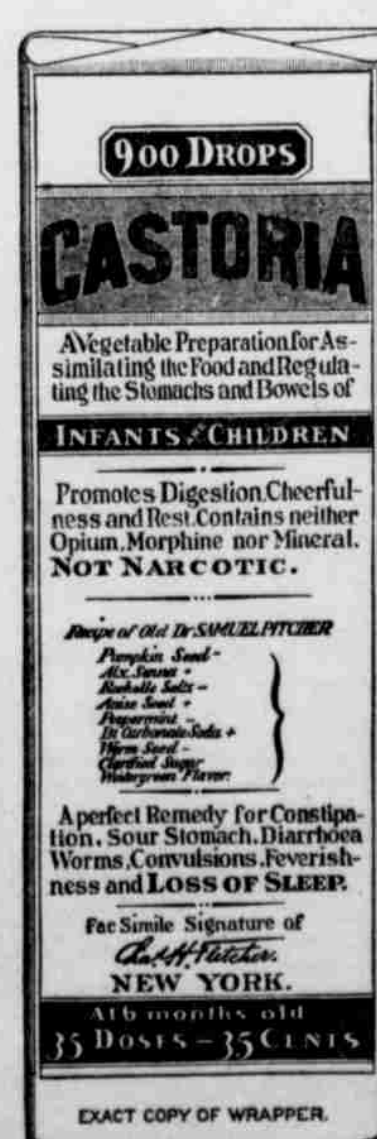
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W. U. U., DETROIT, NO. 33, 1906.

What is Castoria.

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.



Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. F. Gerald Blattner, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Your Castoria is good for children and I frequently prescribe it, always obtaining the desired results."

Dr. Gustave A. Elsenraeber, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I have used your Castoria repeatedly in my practice with good results, and can recommend it as an excellent, mild and harmless remedy for children."

Dr. E. J. Dennis, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used and prescribed your Castoria in my sanitarium and outside practice for a number of years and find it to be an excellent remedy for children."

Dr. S. A. Buchanan, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria in the case of my own baby and find it pleasant to take, and have obtained excellent results from its use."

Dr. J. E. Simpson, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have used your Castoria in cases of colic in children and have found it the best medicine of its kind on the market."

Dr. R. E. Eskildson, of Omaha, Neb., says: "I find your Castoria to be a standard family remedy. It is the best thing for infants and children I have ever known and I recommend it."

Dr. L. R. Robinson, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria certainly has merit. Is not its age, its continued use by mothers through all these years, and the many attempts to imitate it, sufficient recommendation? What can a physician add? Leave it to the mothers."

Dr. Edwin F. Pardee, of New York City, says: "For several years I have recommended your Castoria and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

Dr. N. B. Sizer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I object to what are called patent medicines, where maker alone knows what ingredients are put in them, but I know the formula of your Castoria and advise its use."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.